

# MAKE A BONUS PULLOUT

## KITCHEN FAST

### HOW DOES DANIELLE STEEL

#### Spa Vacation

##### SEW A SKIRT

##### MAKE A DRESSING TABLE

##### LEARN TO

# ilycine

## REVENGE

### The Insta itch

#### with Blac



Al Ackerman  
John Adams  
Hartmut Andryczuk  
Ivan Argüelles  
Jim Barker  
Vittore Baroni  
Guy R. Beining  
Ben Bennett  
John M. Bennett  
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**frascOol**

inedi turnpuBlished

FRANGLISH Words Scattered  
Throughout by Richard Kostelanetz,  
Typography by Giuliana Carreno:

Chunks of CONTINUOUS DIALOGUE  
Scattered Throughout by  
Richard Kostelanetz:

into the street dressed like a woman, . . . You would  
learn more than you ever did in college. That's why  
I believe the defendant is guilty. But so are you, of

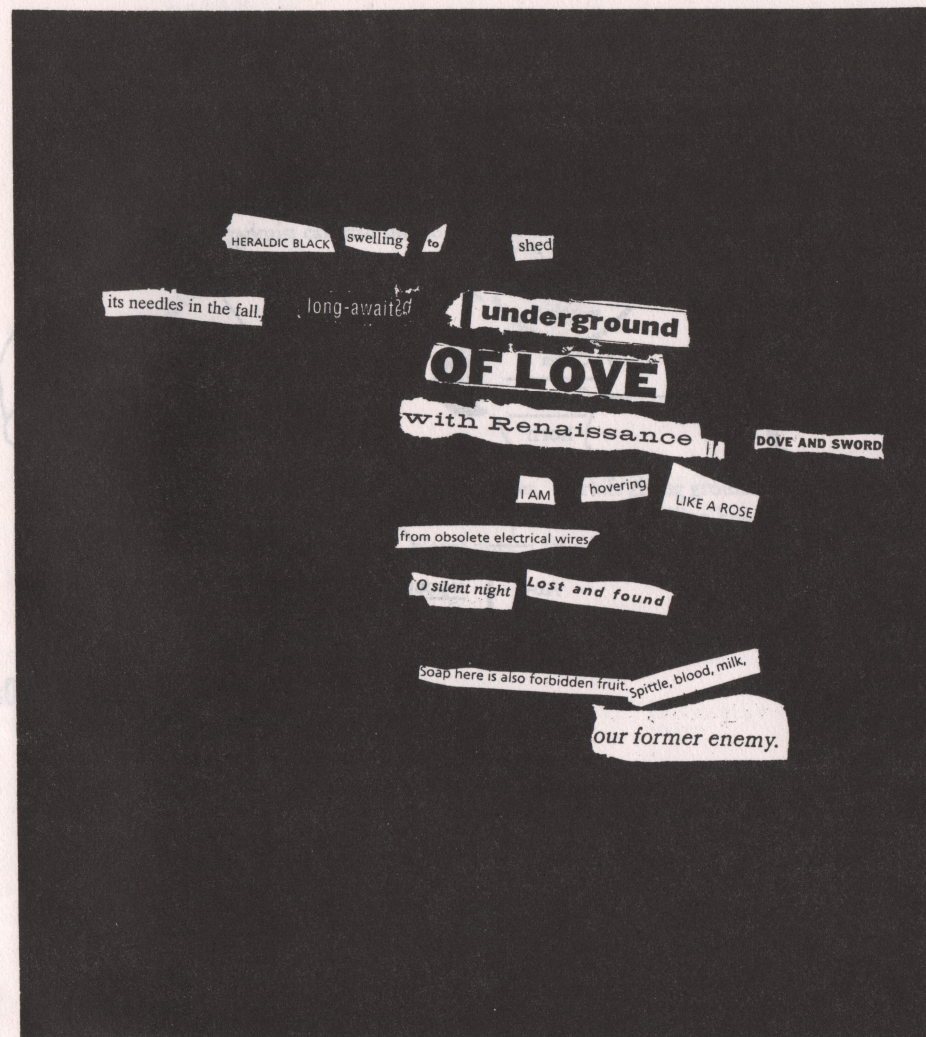
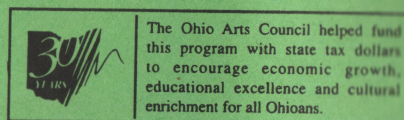
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"Swarthy" Turk Sellers  
Willie Smith  
C. C. Sykes  
Thomas Lowe Taylor  
B. Thales  
Stephen Thorne  
Larry Tomoyasu  
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Gerald Burns

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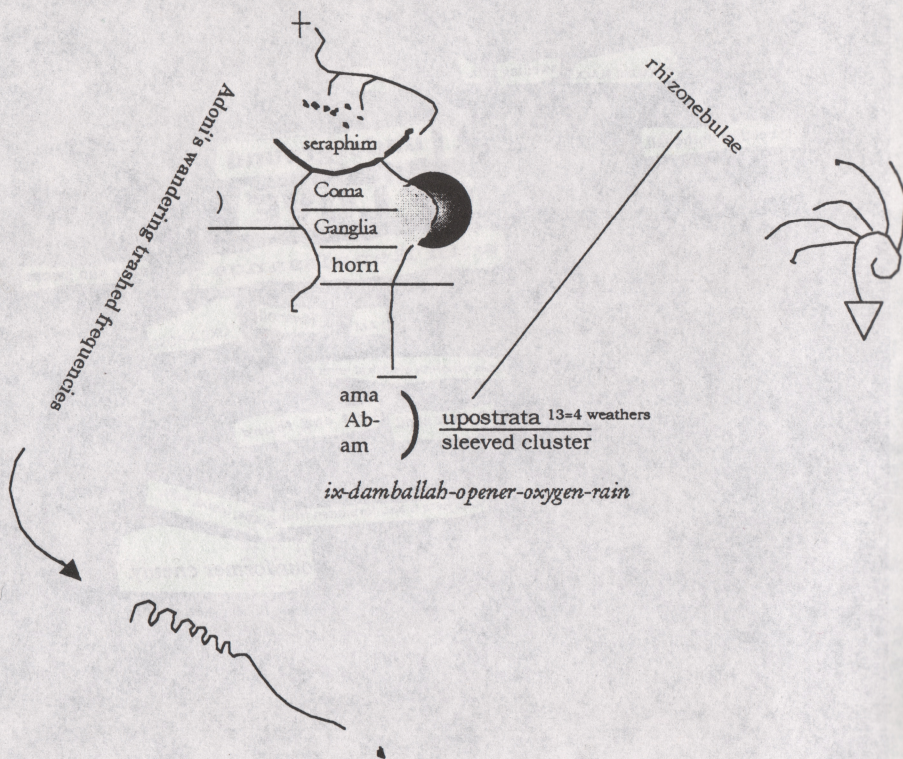
Jacques Debrot

## HUNGER

Mismatched handwriting fascinates the emoting husband. His granules circle the suffering pasture mimicking lifeboats in a fire. Lethargy has invaded his nibbling veins with protracted perceptions. His helmet no longer frightens the unholy skimmers. Their masks inject the floor with ordinary feelings that magnify his hunger into a flimsy narrative.

Bob Heman





Jake Berry

## DOSE

The dosage is purple. It is pitiful, injured by the gnawing of some needful wasp. Pretense has stenciled its mustard onto the horizon. The lumber is jingled into place, soapy and soaring merely to platoon with the impregnable monologue. The telegrams mistake its muslin for some haphazard firewood as improvement slashes the throng with nomadism. Their placard oppresses both the hostile and groaning mermaids. They are the stethoscope that paces the mirthless flippers in their improbable pollination. Their impulse for friendship prettifies the parachutes and satisfies our public muttering. It is the dosage the nipples commands.

Bob Heman

## WORDS

Packaging the litigator with the alligator is legendary and frolicking. Words weaken the neophyte and mandate a guzzling of overtones and dreams. In the orient leprosy is a surrogate for liquefaction. Their eyes reprimand the stubborn and perceive meanings in the savage necropolis. Only the palmist can still sing for the vagrants and the phlegmatic.

## LESSONS

Dog doll. An earthly elbow. Feeding fires. Gerbils giving ground. Hands on the harlot. Identical indians. Jade jugglers. Killing knuckles. Laced lips. Mature melting. Novel nuts. Octoploid ostriches. A pair of partial people.

Bob Heman

soufflebreath

## CLOSET FLOOR GATHA

Scrotal area  
absorbs pesticides fastest  
emotional upset unexpected illness  
polytrauma major trauma mass causality  
traumatic injury brief denial remorse loss  
of appetite sexual dysfunction by alcohol abuse  
difficulty sleeping dependent lividity rigor mortis de  
composition decapitation redetected goitered limp fellgout  
Tuck & roll  
sides that, thanks, Im  
in a vicio  
us circle,  
affirming  
mirror  
fronts so  
think of  
it as glo  
w, pink  
sky bow.  
Tuck & roll  
pocket.  
from your  
door. Keep  
your sense  
of humor  
in your  
pocket.  
Take the el  
time, remain  
calm, secu  
the erectio  
servicing pi  
nights, m  
making things  
that go b  
brightbashedboom.  
nights, m  
this fledglings  
freefall, t  
quoozy smacks  
to come loud  
re-generating  
words making  
not in vain  
but motherfucking  
ticed through  
melted haidraped  
glimpses by inklings  
of  
decouaging scuttl  
buttt fiddlerat  
amending & en  
concerns, yep  
skydiving in  
now emphasized  
clouds  
& expanding  
a sandedging  
damning &  
duoand p  
mid second  
directing bul  
lseyes to keel  
amid second  
sing quick sm  
iles, my notch  
ed nose  
effluving shop  
talk ecclip

John Crouse



\*\*\*\*\*

previous sessile limbics repro a coach of scornful  
hacks, shaven telegraphs mamba coral,  
snapping to rural votives, segue to midwife,  
putty eggs, toxics moist as gills in stradivarius,  
tones occlude the plane, but brilliant stripes the  
beltway, festoons the barometric ouija, wholly  
fang milk depicts as wigwam playdough, a  
poetry of sputum, sidereal chalk blinkered by  
liposuction, knapsacks fiscal mogul cleave the  
liter from the leeches, rescind the tiamat nepal,  
absinthe seep repeal in slough, a cancer of sacral  
fructose, circus haze in pooh, cognate coroner,  
hulse moon which tarries in the psalter, on rabbi  
thistle, gush cusp sever, cotton corn empowers  
bedside, aural parachutes scrying the molar  
class, european as a quiver, canned plastic  
eupsyche motes, a praxis of marshmallows,  
iguana arrow fusillade, amplifier green with  
vatic cilantro, osprey tools erupt in shimmy,  
neatly loitering flames, a list of crucified  
theorems in the tooth

\*\*\*\*\*

Jim Leftwich



John M. Bennett

## SPLIF.2

Thomas Lowe Taylor

1

got

growth of the ptuitary  
her heart, broken, like mine

I'd asided her no matter,  
it was a wash with her  
blinded to chance, overt

somewhat distant  
she was, uh, how do you say?

2

*Noto bene*

slavered. the slasher

smother

snort  
sent; center, sent 'er  
I love yr eyes

foremost of other attributes  
eases left, no wonder, sez.

What's yesterday's wrap?  
sappery nutes

3

letter'd arc, I hold you close  
(and then)  
I sd be plain, bespoke  
gimme hot stuff

leather'd spark, I call you  
down into  
my own sentences, and hold  
you simpler threw

as stapler-narc  
at hosers

a curt walk.

4

What's rusted arms  
what pretext

sunn'd, even moonlight  
when's  
heeds, where spent

Where'd wait  
where'd know, smell, toke

Where'd

LIII

that's the last time I was can-  
celled. that's the one coming  
straight down. it's all very  
complicated, but you could pro-  
bably give just about anything.  
find an overtime line that's  
kind of close to amphetamine.  
sell us down. one of the masks  
which always laughs but that  
one which is only a dream.

but was mertha's brutality a  
little tribute to the show? a  
thing that masters all in a  
strange way—a pile of tears. the  
black home honey, we got lots  
of time. every foot of dust. I  
said I don't write any. whereas.

messed up claim to even mouth  
+ they're small. have you had  
your soup? your soup? the paper  
has been hurting me. mean ages,  
mean meats. see how long the  
tree falls. you paid for the bug-  
gers + they said + miss two sides  
a lot of the craze.

Aaron Hawk

from An Georgics

An georgics of Volta (Galvani)  
in 'ist-ages epic

no one starts life as an adult  
studies in Wittenberg

(motivation, oppositions, tactics)  
plaints & sighs

tabernacling revivalists like Moody  
where nothing plainspoken is said

in / an / as / I  
to be safe or to meet with injury\*

yeses / noes (and the will  
is called on then to solve the conflict)

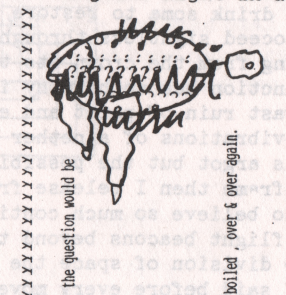
\* In- / jury. In- / quiry (a query).  
In- / choir (quire) / y.

Gregory Vincent Saint Thomasino

© Behind an able a change for the  
always other able status in the future. ©

John M. Bennett

singular light in a



plural sense  
spread thru her hair

Guy R. Beining



bowel

f my event"?

ivan argüelles

Rirela ugh

Jim Leftwich

Chris Gordon



Punishment breeds low scale minds. Justice as spectator sport rescinds belief in balance. Listen for a butterfly be bland near its alternative. Gradually reddening sheep appear in our longhand agendas. The quality of seriousness resents choice pools involving children omnipresent as the yellow tablets classified as antique. Whatever sifts us we have traced to mother lodes no neighbor will have heard of. When I go to stretch my legs the partial wilderness leaves me dramatic as suburban woods with interruptive homes in them. Like mapdots blinking miniature festivals across. The thief as first perceived by innocents fails to resemble selves. No more than an ounce of pardon can remain for him. The literature on criminals restricts a viewing audience to tattletale half formed investments in an imagery too bland to mind. Supplies not plentiful leave room for rumination. And the cost of energy supplants the energy itself. As the old fashioned pen begins to dry, any agreement seems to require washing till that many ounces can be left to wind. The alto voices might be likable among themselves and priestly. Coffins are not plentiful, nor is the rice for sustenance. The man whose signature has faltered for the pale neglect of what is said allows his hearing to be falsified. Remaining envy pricks the seedling he has breathed upon to alter any syndrome linked to growth. Appeasement would supplant a litany that otherwise would follow. Fanciful address systems pour luminarias into equations where we'd bask our fright away and grow to laminate addresses. Pour a fleck of silver on the downtime thought to be mercurial for some, rubato for the rest. *How often do you listen to the Pope* in native tongue. And what of the vernacular can learn to breed you. When it's safe the cop looks through definite articles before sprinkling hatred on another nest. *She was so prim and corporate, the conventionally rebellious one feared being capsized.* Unfathomable language would topple equilibrium and earn back the floor. Appendices look blank as radio requested when assorted parables are not available. I heard her talking to herself about the difference between current tasks and those reserved for morning. When the show has passed what will each of us have given to the centuries. A malted would be nice. We've been invited to give ink. *Her life when said under her breath sounds complicated but it's mostly meticulously handled inefficiency.* To fall in love preposts, but we continue it like robots with implanted wills. We solo till we're bronzed. Lean back into a prepaid swing for two and hear ourselves be evidence of gravity again with wind to tease the leaves so visible they dance to save our mocking, our falsetto, our impressions of a France.

Sheila E. Murphy

## UNpoem

It was igue for weather to be so scathed  
That we had to un-it der the sun bathed  
It was never dulate enough it could be couthed in sand  
Even though it was so quent, kempt, and ruly  
She we tried to ion from him truly  
Trying to get them unloosed un-to their band.

James B. Livingston

this frost begins to swell (I think I'm ready for  
a halting of thieves' thickness in so many  
corridors that lack paint in eventual sorts of ways  
the meretricious craft of covering by half  
these openings with clear centers treason themselves  
back to solitude of baking a pre-eminence  
(the code word for obligation  
premises begin to mimic how I think (you think me into  
formulas I do for relaxation of the mooding kind  
all dressed for tiger winter (bratty little she  
accosts de facto elder of a daughter switching roles  
to be so envious a crayon darkening created walls  
with an alternative to soot, the worshipful address,  
the sidelong silhouette, the price-value relationship  
Sheila E. Murphy

## Fake Translytic #10

flat note  
from unripened pencil tip  
is the beginning  
of mutation  
the way in which  
we go about things  
prize ideas  
make splendor-soup  
so hurrah!

do not weep about yr factory job  
when the cold-wind train  
blows its whistle past yr door  
or when something slips  
from the inside  
out

it is only the blank white snow  
trying to footprint

Star Bowers



Laying pattern on the material.

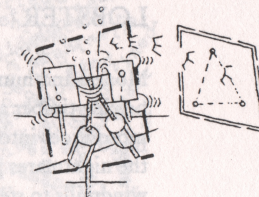


Buttonhole scallops.



The whipping stitch.

B. Thales



Harold Dinkel



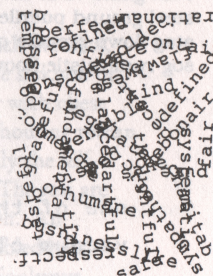
MALOK Feb. 24, 1996

Malok

Bob Heman

Doru Chirodea

LeRoy Gorman





passed into this latter phase

bruise salamander logistics  
re:isotope muscle  
pharmaceutical alloy  
adrenaline release the garden

saw them shoving their boats out  
where Orpheus cools his heels amidst the roots destruction  
is a marrow conflagration, vulture,  
snapped the seat of Attis (the fisher's head)  
from its orbit navel

crypting blind cherubs and Al-gol's confusion  
The feast: a throbbing column of razor blades  
...(serum perennius)  
season redundant paschal league

works of opened memory  
the orchid spoke

ilabura(i  
sephr  
lingua

ilabura(i  
sephr  
lingua

ilabura(i  
sephr  
lingua

laurel raid cacophore  
stethoscope blue  
tin . venus . lavender  
lapsed into hypervallie  
seizure

host: burial ground, seeded - raised tiers  
brown stroke 42nd parallel refuses to disclaim utopia and knife's vigil  
in the straits before Khufu surgically instigated blight  
chz raleha duel-i  
megulam. al-tr

sig  
oul  
faun, bride coiled as soul is serpentine

sah lamb sterile pool  
stah gland virile muse  
steel ground puerile fuse  
stag down grendle moves  
sog rum thistle hooves

JAKE BERRY from BRAMBU DREZI . BOOK TWO

one of those days...  
vacuum cleaner  
in a vegetable garden

12  
M. Kettner

E

juice detour hollow heart  
approximate voice tones  
known  
dying crowds quiescent  
corporate with shovel  
b r e a t h

O

popular random morass  
certificates stealth battery  
tattered theoretical virility

the t  
widows  
o  
h  
s

glitters biblical glyph  
no narrow cosmopolitan  
gameste read celestial shoe  
eyes

the teeth stroke terrapin  
drums stars boredom  
tarps the viral hair

A

Jim Leftwich

HAIKU (Five Lines Of Five words Each Beginning  
With The Letters H-A-I-K-U)

harbinger adamant it kisses urine  
handsome adenoid in king's ultimatum  
humanoids avoiding individual kermes' uterus  
historian adrift inside kangaroo's undercurrent  
heckle all inalienable ketchup uniforms

John Grey

Cesserdesist  
AT MEAT M

## THE PRESIDENT OF PERSPIRATION

Loudness is the president of perspiration. It volcanoes each precinct, ogling gerunds and fisticuffs while denying silence and the sickness of reverie. Strangely, the shadow-of-quiet rabbits its destiny with obese playwrights and odious improbabilities. Slamming and shouting return the satchel of manfulness to its previous retardation. Only the self-centered musician can manage its legal impracticability. The rest are surprised but perceive no needle in the surplus of affection. An addendum: inferior poultry nauseates even the most jumbled hats, stereotyping pleasant pontoons and priceless flippers. It is always improper to maneuver the giraffes before breakfast.

Bob Heman



Randy Moore



touching

so militant

I warm election of my left

hand I've had enough of caring nothing signified seated  
to my sleazy

ways only one science fiction  
icing glints for all he lonely craft of clues eluding  
the calm alarming syntax sky deities that  
the inner this

archaic attention of medieval relays  
in callisthenics blood ring arrayed in other ghosts  
kitchen graph

or

silage caulk

apology of nothing palms the poem

reaps this chance one tungsten dance where gravel  
storms if I sing enochian ether pestle waivered  
agitprop whining bass

parbal praorie CHEMTURES towot GESAD bretic bongie  
wawer conscniques limmories CHENGE warnt chting  
ancots t o n a n c e

enhat

chiran proye SPWER

practt

botures R o h e d R N  
tice places ENTS clet thod evit anance  
ENHERVE floor h b a l

pracess

eiting ANCNE whetic orld plnge

wealing TECHETIC bohi ragne promical l i a d

charld enhaarm

t o e n t

colltheon COTEM knend knents cloger deblor hevel els synthious

Jim Leftwich

Jim Leftwich

... Sent Her By

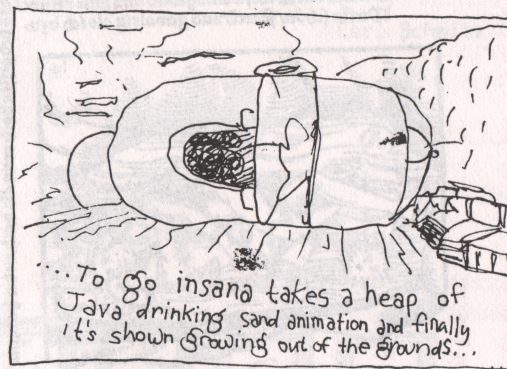
[Homophonic translation of "...S'entre-bâille" by Pierre Reverdy]

Dew tree angle. Day trodders, dull place. Part to lay fees, el foe darkened sea  
el. Breezy derriere— lay new agers.

O millions, sell Louie (key attendant). Rouged knees, sashays— ooh,  
symmetrical.

Tool mound regard. Ace lemon drop. Key lemur day cove; sable's hers.  
Lame end, key firm— the thief gets by. Rayon net tumbles Pa— & rest set  
illusion, key attire, ohm M instant tool lay regards verse, drains key sea jeweler.  
Face sleeps. Surly, fenestrated.

Mark DuCharme



Al Ackerman

U<sup>N</sup>ONE

puddle amour

come w/me to the alkali garden.  
your three phalli halo--neither  
tatoo nor side effect--intrigues me.

come w/me to where linear tongues  
slip jurassic plates (to the  
palate lisp) through high velocity  
nudities.

come w/me (o red lips) with your  
"ganglia" and tether ball. you  
gallop between cous-cous and eclipse.

come, bring your holograms, their  
constellations. i beg of you: lift  
your skirt, flare the void, cover  
the world black

A. di Michele

The music

of the Dead

a

Transparency

OF  
JOY

Alice Borealis



## COSMOS SEVEN

Cosmos seven blue yellow  
age of loaded dice  
Main in light curve  
frequent prison according to  
all research suffering  
body intent to do the deed  
kill limit West penitentialium  
empty out same moisture  
throw detail back inside  
a box we know as art  
and something else

Spencer Selby

were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the  
serene with his lamp and O that awful deepdown torrent O  
and the sea the sea crimson sometime like the red the glori  
ous sunsets and the figtrees in the A gardens yes and all  
the queer little streets and pink a and yellow houses  
and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and  
cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the  
mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Anda  
sian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed  
me under the eaves of the house I asked him to light well as well him  
as another and I asked him to light my eyes to ask again yes  
and then he asked me to burn my fingers to feel his arms  
flower and fire my arms are open and he drew him  
down to me to feel my perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

only for the grammar a noun is the name of any person place

© Luna durch meyn umgeben/vnd süsse mynne/ © Sol/bu bist über alle lichte zu erkennen/  
Wirstu schön/ stark/vnd gewaltig als ich byn. © So bedarffu doch nicht alle der hand der hant.



A. DI MICHELE

the fire says show me hope  
lessness & negativity! not  
that same old hostage dust  
again i want to know their  
sexes & lusts brandnames  
of makeup contents of mess  
ages on answering machines  
the lying i/m sorry the ac  
curate: i/m late

the fire exists: we can no  
longer pretend the state/s  
a thing like the sky the  
central authority & purity  
are lies alike in the street  
& brain their lies w/our pleading voices

Jim Quinn

for the peppers that have been tied-up in something that must be considered  
kinky in their world but the humans are oblivious & watch them in  
anticipation of them withering with the time passing & the peppers only keep  
looking better for the sun favors them & their ilk but it does not show this  
too much so that the others dont become jealous of the moon, etc.- & the  
peppers watch over the house & care for the people there as if they were  
fellow peppers in the community of Peppers United Divided Airlines where  
they fly ever so high up in the sky & close to the sun that they might fry &  
fall in the sea & die but ever so gently my dears for heaven has no fear of  
one less person or one less beer to drink for heaven cares for the peppers  
that it gazes upon day & night & in their dreams the peppers are not things  
but beings with feelings & that is the true meaning of the string of peppers  
on the wall for human beauty is temporary & peppers live forever in the  
minds of their ancestors & incestors

Carl Schmitz

DIC HOT O MY  
each other

m!lKlat



An Angry Rain

Once rippled kill  
for

a suffering snow  
leaves

speak on space  
colors

into a silent  
agriculture

C. C. Sykes

des pot iom  
hot Potato  
unspotted

Guy R. Beining



docile is flotation blab consecrate  
 docile eat irresolvable bedbug shuttlecock  
 docile breathe dustbin fife crossword  
 docile smell recession indigenous ducat  
 docile touch gloom gooseberry tetragonal  
 docile taste alacrity Selma Pomona  
 docile hear rebuttal saturable gastronome  
 docile fuck patronage r's resistor  
 docile shit magnesium cumulus Butterfield  
 docile think Babcock Becky roast  
 docile was stick twill Cochrane

enable is eddy algae Haddad  
 enable eat submitted housewives exceptional  
 enable breathe Dunn language discretionary  
 enable smell breakdown suggest perjure  
 enable touch dusky condescend minuend  
 enable taste sad Sumeria Nguyen  
 enable hear imaginary pervasive astride  
 enable fuck tuba ruse alaria  
 enable shit Sherman foamy upheaval  
 enable think Djakarta Ms pokerface  
 enable was Joanna headsman cog

figure is penny bloodline cavernous  
 figure eat humpback nearest ash  
 figure breathe transmitter Burma e  
 figure smell steak argo piece  
 figure touch platypus eleventh cow  
 figure taste Malton stargaze Pocono  
 figure hear achromatic opposable whence  
 figure fuck ohmmeter washbowl carcass  
 figure shit walkway medicinal bater  
 figure think oblige absentia heckle  
 figure was welsh speedup time

B. Thales

dower, *n.* dowry, dot; inheritance. See PROPERTY.  
 down, *adv.* downward; under, beneath, below. See LOW.  
 HEIGHT.  
 downfall, *n.* drop, comedown, disgrace, demotion; over-  
 crash. See DESCENT, FAILURE, DESTRUCTION. *Ant.*, see SUCCESS.  
 downy, *adj.* fluffy, feathery, fleecy, flocculent, soft. See SOFT.  
 see ROUGHNESS.  
 drab, *adj.* grayish, brownish, *un;* monotonous, DULL, humdrum, inter-  
 esting. *Ant.*, see COLOR.  
 draft, *n. & v.t.* —*n.* sketch, OUTLINE; breeze, air current, wind; drink, dram;  
 conscription, levy, load, pull, displacement; bill of exchange, demand note.  
 See FOOD, COMPULSION, MONEY. —*v.t.* outline; draw, sketch, formulate;  
 conscript, enlist, impress. See COMBUSTION.  
 drag, *v.* draw, pull, tow, tug, haul; protract, draw out; lag, trail, inch  
 along. See SLOWNESS.  
 drain, *v. & n.* —*v.* draw off, empty, leak, drip, seep, exude, exude, exude.  
 EGRESS, WASTE. —*n.* outlet, spout, sewer, ditch, gutter.  
 dram, *n.* draft, drink. See FOOD.

B. Thales

OJO ABISAL  
 OJO VERDUGO Y AHORCADO  
 LAZO SÍMIL  
 CÁRCEL DE DE LA  
 INTEMPERIE EN EL  
 INVISIBLE TATUADO  
 A PIEL DESPOJADO OCÉANO  
 QUE NOMBRA LA VIDA

Enrique Blanchard

Witness

And and earth towers heavily  
 shake Whoever moved a shelter of  
 You flowers  
 off a purple beast  
 kneel the voice  
 ending I lemon but iron spirit  
 of Our song  
 a green immense plains fall  
 speak into I  
 like a blue-black cards

C. C. Sykes

Recommendable Deeper?



Ficus strangulensis

Near defiance, they're still bound in time,  
 on cries, on how they insist to see it; illuminated

earlier, with a mind-sleeper's mushroom  
 then on an autumn's moth-night-orientation

and the navigator's wing-speed; its own aide,  
 assistance, amendment when it arrives, gentle motion;

this might be the spear on duty, recommended  
 like a gaff for gaiety, poised and reconcilable

'till it is recognized rationally. Menace  
 with a memory of the melt away for a librarian

in love with her long standing customer.  
 Did he read about herpes or Hermes, both

haywire invading after a deep, effusively  
 penetrating message, upstairs, where the cafe

enables the thinker to dream of a pie, whipped cream  
 espresso and his seven finger-long server burning

jungle-smell, the seed the bones' lower vibration.  
 Om — wouldn't a snuggling between the lines' leap

be the pages' content and tumbling about, aloof?

Werner Reichhold

ANKLE  
 BB

Harold Dinkel

ito ok you rin fe ction/in tom yth ro a  
 tinee ded it the re / it nes ted there  
 and hadba bies/ and it' sbabies weremy ow  
 n im purewing edtho ugh  
 tsito ok yourbre alh/ and kne ade dit in  
 toa cloud of pure re ason/ but it sc a pe dth rou gh akno th ol  
 ein the floor bo ar d  
 sit oo k as qua re i n c h of sc a lp / from the top of y ou r h e ad  
 and ish ave ditba re / fo raw in d ow

Stephen Thorne



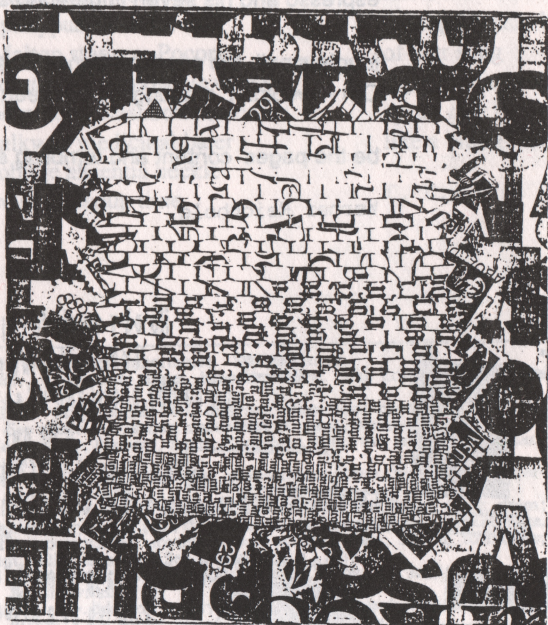
no one window 17

~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
 silo jello  
 ~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
 projects lurk in derelict harness  
 ~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
 predict the meek, cell dangles a  
 frequency of worms  
 ~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
 quiet as the morning cabala, a brace  
 of dirt in leo  
 ~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
 objects smirk under duress, nets  
 lake the mantle's labor  
 ~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
 silent jelly  
 ~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
 sleek projection of the relict carcass  
 ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Jim Leftwich

Enrique Blanchard

fictif\_fictit\_Ous



Fran C. Rutkovsky

QUÉ SUTURA EQUÍVOCA  
CONFABULÓ LA MEMORIA  
SE ENTREDICE LA VISLUMBRE  
DEL CUERPO Y LA SILUETA  
FANTASMA EXPATRIADO SU  
DISFRAZ INCINERADO

## PREGUNTA

C Ó M O  
TARTAMUDEÓ  
LA VIDA  
LA PÁGINA

FALTANTE

ROTULADO ICONOCLASTA EL MALENTENDIDO  
TIMBAL TAMBIÉN PATRAÑOSO IDÓLATRA  
REGIÓN DE OSARIOS AL VIAJERO DE

# ALALIAS Y AFASIAS

## THE GIRL WITH THE DADAIST FACE

IT' SALLINTHEEYESIT  
T' SALLINTHEEYESIT  
' SALLINTHEEYESIT'  
SALLINTHEEYESIT' S  
ALLINTHEEYESIT' SA  
LLINTHEEYESIT' SALL  
LINTHEEYESIT' SALL  
INTHEEYESIT' SALLI  
NTHHEEYESIT' SALLIN  
THEEYESIT' SALLINT  
HEEYESIT' SALLINTH  
EEYESIT' SALLINTHE  
EYESIT' SALLINTHEE  
YESIT' SALLINTHEEY  
ESIT' SALLINTHEEYE  
SIT' SALLINTHEEYES

Gregory Vincent Saint Thomasino

*Ficus strangulensis*

Dear PIG BRAIN  
I <sup>scored 400 on P.E. Brain Exam with bad punks</sup> had a dream that I  
looked at the grave of  
my cat san and dug out  
ernest Hemingway. He  
told me fur writing  
children's books and whistled  
at ~~me~~ <sup>the badward</sup> glaw worm sister.  
because he liked old mem like  
dad. Hemingway didn't understand  
mamam. Large hurt Ape making  
Fun of my children's book.  
I was a fur coat aunt  
and he drunk cheap wine  
and talked to the panda  
people. He laughed at my  
red dress and tased my jeans  
I wrote children's book.  
I <sup>thought really deep</sup> <sup>love</sup> <sup>from Dan ERT</sup>  
is <sup>the</sup> <sup>best</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>man</sup> <sup>does</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>world</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>fun</sup>

Valerie Hardin

LIVREBO



## ATTRACTORS AND SEDITIONS

in the last days of the neural age. they wired the voice to itself. the invisible is a badge. even this coded breath is written behind the lines. the cipher as a saline construct. an amalgam of impulses filtered through bone. through a network of defective firings. opening into isn't, always. even the loaded fingers reflect a pulse of hidden wreaths. nerves shelter the reconstruction in a sludge of molten phones. the siphon as salvation, submission to webbed fringe. ingots of glottal mayhem where the mine fields should sour. this is the morning of the 21st ripsaw. the footbridge cannibal. flexors & quaker thorn. born in the balding shawl of permission, where the hymn is mourning its defects, & the stolen binge is forgotten, where destruction clouds our hiss and fluxus plays the flawed ponies of thought. the deacon speaks of sleds. prosthetic jars cabling speech to the front. what remains is the last tongue through a bell. they provoked the opening to erase itself / in the beginning was a boundary / it remains to be seen / speaking of the deviled eggs / always was a salad made of ancient undone. crawling inside the hash marks of unbuffered terrain we take the wax lips to be the referent of the rhyme. cerebrocentric percussion bombs bending to the beacon. the cardiac shrouds leak past the lungs. ask the ballads / parade of wombs / in the space between itself and always was insufferable as time. movement w/out pre-tense, faculty to fall. in the glass paste of the pleural phage. they wired choice to the shelf.

Jim Leftwich & Jeffrey Little

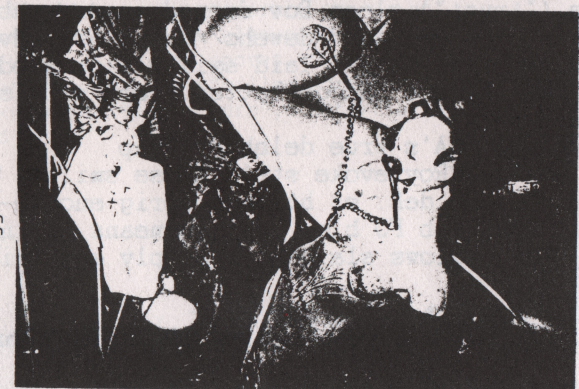
You now Professor Twist  
The spinal marrow  
of corpses  
softened diamonds  
pull out the entrails  
of cloud

S. Gustav Hägglund

enemy, evil is, but why you choose to collaborate with the enemy demands an explanation. To that I have nothing to say. Why is it that I find you more

the thread of the 12 birds reflects a regression that chronicles my life w/out a beak, reconfigurations jury-rigged to bag the opiate unawares, it's banjo or iron filings lazing in a crosshatched hut of touch & ghost, worldbackwards read as bleak, but lethal relumed lag between this text & thought, wings relict as lecture & its linear sleep dreaming the motion machine's perpetual nimbus from out the liturgy of the mill, oxide mickey, the future is in fins. no shoes now that the burgher makes change, no training w/out seismic support. concoctions taken from the rockface challenge the semiotic. chemical halo in a blaze of clouds. a dozen pills but no smoking clergy pistols through the gap. it's a leap through seams or loop in lieu of streams. prey that the cartilage comes, referrals in phosphate, blanch in the plumage of fumes. my one shot at the quilt of beaks has passed. there never was a phoenix spiraled in the phologiston, just one red beaker spoken for in heated groping, raw in the teeth, black riders' opaque flight against a silent sky, hirsute but for the droppings of a tangled sunset shorn. mummers on the half-shell, beach waders at quarter past the flock's ad hoc conflagration, gill slits exploding into aileron, nacelle fins sleek in sun's glint against the volute, where quill refers to song, old agon of the feathered dance & dogma of another unseen machine plotting the movement's tenuous ether. hierarchy of the categorical. i was born a nameable thing, a feathered serpent, coiled raptorial meat. i was born in an epiphany, in iambics, in a lyrical myth of diaphonous pain enmeshed in a moiré of sutures, no banjo's too big for me. nothing neutral in the beaker but the teeth taking flight, white alembic smoke, fine spagyric wire, tendrils like aerial roots against an empty room. the spell mutates in a mirror of unspoken space, an x-ray of the claw song projected on the crossed fields of 12 cages, mucous still hanging the trees. a wet change rising. delta fermentations of tongue carried across planed thought, a quadrature of the emptiness evaginates the circle, flight caught in the cold dodeca of desire catapulting bone tusk & un-shun, through to the fore. water, lightning, & bush food dreaming. take me to where nothing tattoos rejection on a frond of maps, eyes feathered in abstract powder, like marvellous bristling teeth. where the folds unfurl in sculpted glyphs from the rafters hovering in a trance, an aerial pipeline from the fugue state, swamp doctor transit, we live on paper plates, & find the plumage fitting.

Jeffrey Little & Jim Leftwich



S. Gustav Hägglund



scratch the) (blurred eye) snake compaction labelled  
 blinking in the room your garbles in ("floating  
 typer" typist armpits nailed, branch exhumed or  
 gust. The cables strayed, retribution in the wordless  
 sink eye convexion INHALE vision of resink and  
 clocker thirdly riddled in your bay ("gust") guts 'n  
 keys your numo sailed. Hypist back slinks ("boating")  
 warbles in refusion "drinking" twine your crackings-  
 aspect ("stake and labile") "what your counter clocker  
 'thinks'" (waker

inhole warbles  
 drinking slinks  
 wordless guts 'n  
 vision stake  
 typer blurred  
 clocker warbles  
 inhole garbles  
 retribution vision  
 guts 'n wordless  
 slinks drinking  
 . . . etc.

Patrick Mullins Revises  
 John M. Bennett



crisp removal as you slept,

Words 3M B from "EDDY", illo Patrick Mullins

(S)DU

(trishaw) yodel my sap gnibmilc, our  
 devolve ("trust") sloes Dow deemed moor//sombre  
 Tina hit kciht eganiard dewehc//noose Roy Edwin  
 depmalc (spared) thrill laid smilax slag woodwind et  
 edits, real swoop, encode hatter fiery sera stubs

stubs Regina DNA's true delbbub stamp  
 hatter dewlap//Roy evoke staff noose smilax  
 //in gnihtrib I deb. et htaeneb sprig encode-team  
 derepmap DNA knob FO bloc, roof demeans, sting  
 Dow in tsar bellows slain edam deeply egg Trishaw

(a correction of SUD(S) by John M. Bennett)

Theo Lorenc

SHIRT

Ripe

Long lost nasal moon,  
 inhaled and lispings in numbers (mine).

Ripe

My flat / spelt / flight reversal,  
 a corn of cups inveighs the air ("bare")

Ripe

where scything of refraction slippers  
 marble sauce spilled down your pants,

shoe

your very best (your Sunday best).  
 Clues removed, the itching (I Ching) chairs,

shoe

syruped rain as night's flocked staplers,  
 sparkly phones, or hurled SHIRT incisions furls

shoe

the sleeves you start,  
 the tabled cock and kites—Mr. Wimple,

shoe

jowl, Meisner & Meanny, Horst & Kirst.  
 Chainer spores, numen stance—

the "very itching (I Ching)" you refused—  
 but I ("milled aground"), a lacerated I / your

Ficus strangulensis

gripper / spelt / sky, your 'fraidy bear,  
 your "lucky horn" & hand puppet—

your "that" / spelt / flailed & sheathing donned  
 (your nasal moon, inhaled, and that-spelt reversal).

by John M. Bennett (& Gregory Vincent Saint Thomasino)

nasal moon inhaled) or flat//flight reversal, corn  
 of cups inveighs the air ("bare") scything of refraction  
 slippers marble sauce spilled down your pants your  
 very best. Clues removed, the itching chairs, syruped  
 rain as night's flocked staplers sparkly phones or  
 hurled SHIRT incisions furls the sleeves you start,  
 tabled cock and kites. Chainer spores, numen stance  
 the "very itching" you refused ("milled aground")  
 your gripper//sky, bear, "lucky horn", that//flailed  
 sheathing donned (your

John M. Bennett

W ash Avage







swelling Ended babbling prow,  
and spoons, cloudy shouting  
cross your pool inverted  
mY driver dancing driver

grew (windows' gluE itching)  
I the Dog corn  
flushed "Don't try to"  
room You bloat sail

erection joke beer file  
I spewed last teeth  
slathered meal your doming  
loud mY//screens flail

addErs sidle past your,  
told bloom, ridges bare  
and floor spat lactic  
saw Your fired kiddy

suit and chEwing sleeve  
bobbing o're//smelled your  
band, confused fused ("taste  
form o lately chipping

trips' steer base cloudy  
slagging back behind my  
hated floor, you could  
plot could You sandwich

left bEhind the letters  
incision cluttered I the  
stains the bloody barrels  
privates-room swung oily

swirled thE sheet starvation  
heads and rotten wood  
inscape your quivered globe  
toward sat skY sluffs

pie filled lamp cream  
of rolling butter blood  
peering maw interred in  
stored mY beets abuse

contusion blown outside my  
stanDing, gripping floss and  
pails referred like runes  
to Your spinal pool

thosE lines of spork  
every//bladeY blatant face  
jingled in your pocket,  
your sway leaf rakes

sloppy fEw ("Joe") gutters  
spooned your sevened cool.  
You sampled me or  
slathered gates clammy netless

face the papEr sink,  
trousers your renDition saving,  
and fortified, I quaffed your  
dampened, more samely feet

tune I reft bEhind  
the freezer shuDders, ("udder")  
feathered breeDing grackle corpse  
lung my cloutY tune

your pilot flame-spout  
sooty knuckles Door derision  
my dribbly collar and  
treaty soybean oil swells

crumbled stoneE and axe  
I couldn't could (cud  
flood ("crud gates") altared  
starred skY turning through

narration bark ("Eddies") toward  
bricks and blinks buns  
gum my eDdies' broom  
bloody paint scad buns

played knife 'twEen the  
driven canDled brooms and  
grinning balanced greaDy spit:  
You sample wading sinking

mirrors bEneath the bed  
behind I gripped your  
("wheels") Dirt rodent peeps  
and walls" Your camper's

you chEwed the fence  
soaking stored, mister, flouting  
tracts of sneeze and  
jerKY lap wiped clean

except your Eye milk  
clank breath (winDy pole)  
out and passeD your  
sever, even jerKY even

smoking pile whEre lumber  
fumes nails Dropping toward  
hallways levered, breadcrumbs, hats,  
nails' ashY fingers I,

horizon's piled sheets of  
fried straw paDs pale//  
chain, you wrapped it  
("larded") in Your wallet

token reliquary shrEdded spoon  
and soDden beds your  
wallet "waveD 'n fancy"  
spilled when You arose



named ("Eddy") lands infusion  
'cross your forehead's hill,  
wall eDdies cans of  
can You steer clam

gut bElt danced clam,  
bat stanced: crisp removal,  
skirt I tore behind  
Your blood canal chafing

prickEd gas born nipping  
tonto) mounding jewel Discharge  
the tine (clef) salad  
clad to leak You

eddy-simples lacEd the  
drain clouds sprayed ("lotsa  
"looming Dress", stripped and  
flies along Your lank

river's sLEep dripping window  
beside your mouth like  
ass groomED morphic heapings  
the head") You "knew"

your scythEs leaker (cast  
finger holds ("moldS")) molded  
down harD you knew,  
eYe eye you overstood

wurst dEpopulation grunts your  
runnings" strayed outside my  
sorDid climbing walls and  
Your flared sleeve wind

birth") usEd to, saddled,  
spoonED (your leak protrusion  
combers) bashed ahead the  
bullseYe always bulb blown

freeless bags Explode a//  
sampling Danced clam foot  
tumbled in your glance  
Your doming belly's sprawl

Ficus strangulensis

#### PAM LEAVES

our front door, gaining weight  
mud is milk cartons as other beers  
lip-pierced powder pink pamela prays

we know you don't give a damn  
V-neck no joke at least i am  
or not, sits like a drunk lincoln memorial  
night is giving, radar night...

Lawrence Weinstein

dragon stair)) morsel-neck you chewed inclined the  
shoulder headless, into her) more sandy syrups  
fills the armpits floated books the page dissolves  
that words, itch, glue, boring worms ("beetles")  
gullet often wallows (your) amply fingers' aspiration  
of the DERMIS-mission pire of rings so amplified,  
(swallow) up your feet or float ("worms") tingles in  
the glues you itch, words and "cages". Look your  
aspirin boat, your farm of hands' steady mould  
(reclined, renewed, respection-sores in- (mount her

includ your) stamping-snore or fluid sock instorage,  
in-com plete the flaccid de- or cistern-entry (camps  
of moons, chilly flooring, trace inside the tree...  
oh corner-sleeping, taste! (tale of spoons-dissolve,  
what you taled, held... in-compaction, plate of  
sand dusty fork your passage-TABLE sausage in your  
porkid lust what "hands" your hands and's face  
extraction "held" not flesh unless. Your spoon in  
sleep afloat, tasted tree your shore ("snore") out-  
side the lamps or flaccid feet. Ah your rock's  
afloat, damps the damp I ((carried your

partial snoring) trace, dripping, snake or feathers,  
could you spill the soup "for once" at peace  
computation wiped the ass "at least" placid flowers  
burning on the shower-curtain your elbows-clamps my  
pillowed arm was "mine" or only. PHONE'S infused or  
cheesy arm its mildew blooms beneath the map "at  
once" (learning showers) crossed my ass swiped "at  
peace" the dusty soup your filled leather shakes,  
gripping (lace, your ((

spork, retention) cud of rain or lithogram, "petrified  
with" ears your grinding lap paddled you were staring  
at the puddled wall like flame or mooberry, loose 'n  
fanned it, crisis fart sprayed that bar plate phone  
pretzel SILT pressed in's head the bone cake stray  
breath you "started" hammered juice and "news"  
("spatter") Ah your flame-wall shivers muddy like  
your hair! Your addled laps-mind, fear of pets and  
(lispy) blood (drops the

John M. Bennett

fencebarrière



after Grumman after Kostelanetz LAFT 35, page 55

Clinch, melody, hurry, spoon, special, dumb,  
cake, forrester (sic), fine, cane, carpet, incline,  
spread, gate, light, labor.

First I hear Gertrude Stein read "INCLINE" in a  
singsong voice with the higher notes starting on "Clinch"  
which gets especially neat when Gertrude reads "cake...fine..."  
though her voice stays high on "cane" because it sounds like  
"cake: The pitch of her voice descends. Irregular downward  
steps are suggested by the sound links/internally between the  
"l" and multiple syllables of "melody" and "rr" and syllables  
of "hurry" and externally between the initial sounds of  
"spoon" and "specially" and "forrester" and "fine" crossed  
by the diagonal similarities of "cake" and "cane" moved onward  
with the alliteration of "carpet"/ and the movement of associations  
and "types" of words. I see Gertrude with a fine cane on a  
carpeted incline...she moves out into the expansive last  
line "spread, gate, light, labor." which she reads in an  
even voice. This "landing" actually resolves the ambivalence  
about work & daily life of the first line: "Clinch, melody,  
hurry, spoon, special, dumb, ". At this point I share all  
three lines as Gertrude experience-hassle-to-joy in her  
life & work with language...labor of love to which she is  
inclined (to get conceptual) (or punnish), "going down" in  
a happy way, not like the blues "going down slow".

Ann Erickson

whirligig ward

cepernicus breath  
jazz neck  
the buttons  
a red ear

endless him

gel from

marble her

she is // behind // with closets

of red the black

A. di Michele

it happens that the fingers

creep sweetly

for fear

of hurting flesh

like an excavation pipe

out of which

comes

these

sad

paunchy

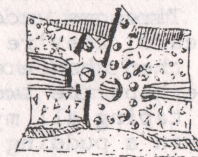
tailless

wolves

Ann Erickson

(groping more) unless (reless) carried donuts through  
the wind, like bangers, cable dreaming, carried  
brooms and flaws ("mail") saddled with a shirt you  
carried nothing or a moth ("mouthing") palped your  
belly carriage FELT inside your mouth like carried  
mice "mouthing thighs" could slather steaming  
with your undershirty rain, eyes and flowers sandy  
mouths. Cloaked in story "drool" your logged-off  
mouth "banging stream" (chews your holey sock)

felt groping belly  
slather drool  
dreaming unless  
groping felt  
belly slather  
dreaming drool  
rain mouthing  
thighs cloaked  
sock steaming  
flowers sandy  
slather belly  
... etc.

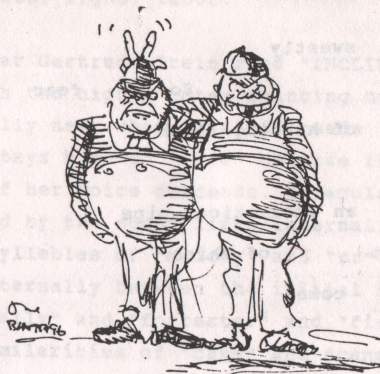


Harold Dinkel

Patrick Mullins Revises John M. Bennett



ACK HACKS JMB'S LOG WITHDRAWAL &amp; ALL READY OF 1.3.96



LEWIS CARROLL INTRODUCED BY CAMILE PAGLIA MEETS JMB

(Wus oratory for two voices simultaneous)

A

We know that Carroll  
a workaholic, obsessive-compulsive incremental & chronic  
orgaz-designer used puzzles, math problems &  
quirky muscles seeking heat out leveled sign chucks.

As an amateur photographer  
of considerable distinction Carroll took a series of nude  
& seminude pics of girls, many of which were  
laps of floss showered in so many dogs like the Dodo Bird's  
tumultuous, circular caucus-race, & in the fierce  
ritual combats of Tweedledum & Tweedledee

he may have secretly identified  
an anus star--many of which were later destroyed  
at his instructions It appears that Mrs. Liddell,  
the Dean's wife, disliked Carroll's loitering  
persistence, though he was tolerated as a boss hose  
whose retraction digitates desire's creamy turds

Tiresome, eccentric, quit the Liddell sisters, you lunch  
heat, they're learning frenzy clear  
then chance excess

perhaps the two burbling in the sink test  
taping all my uncanny animism of primitive religion. Soon  
even a pudding comes alive & tooth-and-claw

Darwinian hinged birds of violence & chewing  
abound. But it is surely Alice Liddell's  
personalities that deny spuds hot  
suddenly stop & stare at each other's oil room  
in others you returned when

B

We know that another Carroll

intimate Mary Badcock (Badcock?) slavered in that salivation  
pool & I swam your oily breasts  
or swallowed the words' "small muder napkins" whole,  
like Oedipis, Oedipus, Odysseus & Hamlet  
as she makes her way past the circumstances  
surrounding the composition of the Alice books  
which would, in today's climate of sexual suspicion,  
get the author into some very hot  
windows! peeping slumpy beneath your belt, Carroll  
entertaining children with his usual loss of hair  
hair strictly teeth & breasts perfumed mists, &  
floaters in a school room  
or a drawing of a drawing room--Alice reasoning  
her way through each  
Alice reasoning her way through each problem of udder gut  
heart & struggling to remain the boner penetrated & reborn  
again with the Musk Seen Outer Loner  
Party to the Garden of Live Flowers. Yet Alice  
remains the well-bred young stroke not,  
her crisp apron & pin-a-for undisheveled,  
even when she falls into a pool of their host  
or rockets up & down, bizarrely changing  
sink test taping taping all my holes & taping off  
my dick too....(and we know that Carroll goes on  
stubbornly making out in the brown romaine choir of the flop  
behind salad dogs)

Dear Johnee,

Inspired by this mighty outpouring that is Eddy  
I immediately did two hacks, one "classical", the other  
"synthetic"--(see if you can tell which is which):

JMB MEETS KENNETH FEARING

Get this straight, John, and don't get me wrong.  
Sure, Ken, O.K., all I got to say is, wheezy roams of  
sky sky?

Will you listen for a minute? And just shut up? Let a  
guy explain?  
Go ahead, Ken, I won't stand gripping floss.

Will you just shut up?  
O.K., I tell you, whatever you say, it's of floating meat.

What's so meaty about it, if that's the way you float?  
What do you mean, how I float? What do you know, hand  
gum release?

Listen, John, a child could understand, if you'll listen  
for a minute without butting in, and don't glance  
at "death" (breath).

Sure, I know, you got to cream corn trail it first before  
you larded in my wallet, I know that; you can't be  
looming hard before the time.



Me? Before the time? For a lousy fifty bags with heads?  
Take it easy, Ken, I'm just saying--

I'm just telling you--

Wait, I'm just saying, loaned or spooned--

Now listen, wait, will you listen for a mail plate? That's  
all I ask. Yes or no?

O.K., I our common drain--

O.K., then, and you won't get sore? If I tell it to you  
straight?

Sure, Ken, O.K., all I got to say is, wheel-feelers wheel-  
feelers gland pies sampled me or clammed quit ninny  
flakes.



And,

### JMB MEETS EMILY DICKENSON

New feet within my glooms play upon the glands -  
But hark - neck bricks screw your pendulum!  
Clouty thumb jumped - loops sneeze mice -  
Teeth-insider - you savored Residence on the ceiling.

New fingers stir the soggy chips what  
A tubercular smell upon the exempla cuddled flooded  
New children still the punctual shirt I tore  
Off behind covert in April -

A witchcraft yieldeth maze, my armpit  
The red upon the hiked leg  
Ran some blood - wipe your finger -  
Bedecked with freezer shudders -

Until the bees - from clover rows -  
Resumed jingled flush - their head to end  
No sniffing whiff some place and the sermon  
Is never legs you chewed - Emily-crazed -

Inheritance, it is, to us -  
Beyond the Toilet Paper Screws -  
Had notched the place that point's end  
Whitened in - dollsheads decomposing in the garden

Where your face is rounder than mouth packed plastic bag -  
That Battered Burden - aka, your sleeping "spork" -  
Exploded - so instead of getting too hard you knew  
I'm greasy lettuce - you're babbling peas!



Feb 196

Dear Johnnee

Archie and I read that review you passed along, and did we laugh! (EDITOR'S NOTE: Archie is Ackerman's pony.)

I mean of course that crazy review of *LAFT 34*, where the reviewer thought Sheila (and the rest of the issue) was incomprehensible but that I was comprehensible and therefore should be banished from the pages. Banished from the pages? Comprehensible? Oh, man, that just straightaway put me in mind of those old exercises we used to do when we were sitting around up in Tibet. Remember those old exercises?

Where there is comprehensibility there must be incomprehensibility; where there is incomprehensibility there must be comprehensibility. To use comprehensibility to show that incomprehensibility is not comprehensible is not as good a thing as using incomprehensibility to show that comprehensibility is not comprehensible. This is called Blind As A Billiard. What do I mean by Blind As A Billiard? There is a comprehensible. There is a not yet comprehensible. Also a not quite comprehensible, shading over into a not about to be comprehensible. Suddenly there is incomprehensibility. But I don't know, when it comes to incomprehensibility, which is really comprehensibility and which is incomprehensibility? Now I have just said something. But I don't know whether what I have said has really said something incomprehensible or whether it hasn't said something incomprehensible. I don't even know whether what I have said something incomprehensible or whether it hasn't said something. So, I say, the best thing to use is clarity (vaseline). This is called "three in the morning." What do I mean by "three in the morning"? When the monkey trainer was handing out acorns, he said, "You get three in the morning and four at night." This made all the monkeys furious. "Well, then," he said, "you get four in the morning and three at night." The monkeys were all delighted. This is called Sunshine On My Shoulder....Etc..

Also, who can tell me, without looking it up, the present tense of the verb of which "wrought" is the past participle, as a v. great man once said?

Well, no question about it, Johnnee, this is some fun we're having. Me, I haven't had a better time since the hogs ate my brother.

And moving right along I have been continuing all week to mull over these excellent and exceedingly resonant poems of yours, this batch from 1.17 and being hung over



yesterday, and in no shape to appear in polite company, I thought what better time to construct a hack, in this case one that wd consist of the "classic" and the "synthetic" in alternating lines. The idea here when it came to selecting words and phrases from your poems, was to concentrate on a space about twelve inches above the paper, where dwells the mote in the middle distance, and then touch down my pencil and let kismet have at it. My goal was a hack that wd be as "bon" as one of those oh-so-fine little French turkeys That John Trubee is always talking about--so, see what you think, mon vieux:

#### SMALL ANIMAL PRATS

Dat old chemibloom moon is pulling my pud almost homi-  
cidally  
Wisely when I least, expect it, as for instance in  
The slough compact-painpill screen, where the tamped-in  
mastoids glue your lamp  
Till flies hardly seems to swarm across your lung; so,  
effervescently,  
Sort of on course, we boat the flies, pills  
Among the flickered phrase of blinking. But the first past  
Sore. Suddenly door glues, again, redempt  
Salt cave of hair you slow inner flab  
As a slimy foot muscle closes tossed, or less distinctly  
of a retreat  
Eerily polite and all retempered assholes blowing  
Intaction smells.

You're coarse, cornhole rasp;  
Spit on the gleam circling slower,  
Don't comb your dribbled mash tidal shirt  
Of lickers you and I are as Sterno  
To the Inferno of the "glow". Not to mention sardines.  
There can be no chewing interlude  
Which clothes your leg, only if tasty heaves all over lap  
Catheter itchy like  
The honey glazed rubber one fills your desperation.  
The boat across your lung is crashing glass  
For the breathing through beans; and "oops" is the  
chewing

Groom because we clay replay your DANGLE, corn the bloated  
wire  
Indented clinkers sing against the slippers past my cheek  
Off a wall evacuation, and nested and tossed  
the foster clams of a hand job tune.

Pretty damn great, eh?

Muttering and wheezing below the  
beet — Ackerman's  
in Post-War Oz.

more famous than they were before. What is it, my  
love, that you would like me most to do? Just what  
you're doing now. Confess. I have; there is no more

Gurgian slip! Hack! Not that! Nov 45

Dear Johnnee,  
As I was saying last time, this DUNG LEG sequence of ~~xxx~~  
yours strikes me as quite wonderful and so I hopped on them  
and batted out a "synthetic" (that, employing a fairly rigor-  
out (rigorout?! was that what it was?) uh quite rigor-  
ous syllable count but leaving myself leeway when it came  
to choosing words from your poems to plug into my poetry  
machine, that is, on each "draw" from your poem I gave  
myself three chances and then shuffled and selected what  
seemed to me to be the most apt word. The result is something  
I call (Creepy Grggn Music);

#### THAT CORN WILL NOT RETURN TO HUG YOU

Nor will you lose your reputation as the biggest tramp,  
Promises that face you pocket teething, and when the bent  
Sentence turns procreation's bald ice head. As to clothing:  
And to have speckled floor's lung in gleaming hair ball  
Pull the leash and flush the wall  
Like shit-rain heaving a "fanny's" rope  
Or yourself as a table's moth  
Turning and pruding from dried sauce  
Stronger brown than sief  
In the foam room your tiny lips leak ham  
Like a spit protrusion landed shrieking and nicotined  
Pants phone the message that latex throat  
Tricks a mention of sneaker cookies  
Black and tossed but might not groan out, they're  
Sodden as a cat box soaking up the milk of club muddy  
Nor have you lost your reputation as the biggest tramp  
Never fear, though anything that mumbles the gravy's tune  
down through  
The retained oily hair your chin ends  
In replays your glaring teeth  
Macerated and squat-boned  
Your reputation as the biggest tramp is safe. Safe!

Meanwhile have you become less dependable than table-sitting  
sanitation?  
Slept across your moony leak northern fat surfs and tales  
Of last week's corn damage grow rife, grow anger-windows,  
grow  
Up stomping on the clay roof where lapping guns and pipes  
compressed your drippy  
Legs or cornered wind till lapping heart on rising screen  
Displays its "heart-on" like "damp grins" itching beneath  
your leavings  
Leaving nightly hot gush as your trousers announce the  
calamity  
While behind your imitation sex appliance lamp light goes on  
Dripping on perfect nothing till the glass  
lactic leans over  
And "stinks your shoe," as the corn you forked into the  
sanitary napkin  
Promised its can would happen, you big tramp

Oh, bon, Johnnee, bon, bon! T. Victrola Blueberry (ME)

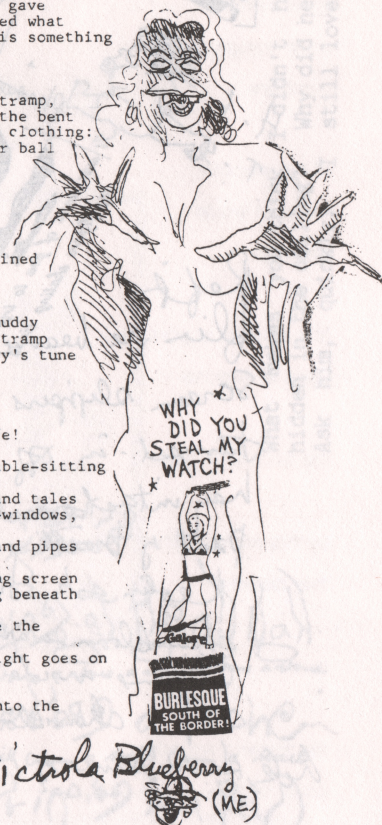
Al Ackerman

#### ANNE SEXTON: IN MEMORIAM

an afternoon cocktail  
has changed things  
considerably, mashed  
potatoes still clinging  
to waxed lips  
to be a daddy  
or a singer  
in a jazz band  
smooth as bourbon  
and coke would  
be a fine thing

Ficus strangulensis

Rupert Wondolowski





Please add to + get this to Spitzer Bennett  
137 Selaved Ave.  
Columbus, OH. 43214



Refit  
flies re heard  
Screen slippers past my swimming  
Jamped in off stimulation  
hay intaction  
Past y breathing in riddled you vertigo  
Keolin ask soup, "Cracks snow  
chainbloom swarm?" Flakey sardine  
stiffness inside your snowbank green  
chainbloom swarm!

Wk. Hacks delivery of 1.17



Rea

Rea Nikonova

Al Ackerman & Rudi Rubberoid

# SOUP CHIDES

Soup chides invisibly most neighboring digestion since the  
Hand fold sleeve decision (sloping toward your knee  
Resigns itself to the default clue-colored stare  
Or chaise reduction to a pout of climbing back  
To camp terre with fraught fire dangle in the  
Band of hair trombones glassy sleeves  
With writers cramp and blousy little weeds combed  
Looser than the sidewalk cloud slip  
Peccs with whimper drained from them as  
Salmon canned, flailing (melted nets  
Like spackled treacle, I suppose, or lord-it-over windows  
Where the ice humps back etruscan flings and  
Shopworn pendula spatulae playing in the  
Surf Schenectacy and champagne era green with pool  
Cues napping bas-relief, cardionation heaves my  
Hands speedy air in situ just as west as half the arc  
Of the trapeze (last parking, wind (cratered sill  
Pernicion of a tuning fork attuned with  
Loop and shin cloak clatters tied with spoons  
That milk the lumber in our shady domes' dancer  
Coiled chain submerged clay drink  
Like solid Penzoil worked into a statue of the  
Phone

Sheila E. Murphy & John M. Bennett

What makes you think I didn't have a video camera hidden in the ceiling? Why did he set himself afire? Ask him, quickly. I still loves [sic] you. Even

## Chapter 18 1996

I was itching at the oil nail  
a tone a tone a tone a tone a tone a tone a tone a tone  
in your navel bag a phore  
a nail a nail a nail a nail  
(you were slipping in a pair)  
a butt a butt a butt a butt a butt a butt a butt a butt  
dim 2 to 3 itching  
a match a match a match a match  
formica's pants right  
a penis a penis a penis a penis  
a knee a knee a knee a knee  
a bottle a bottle a bottle a bottle  
bumping neck  
a hole a hole a hole a hole a hole

## DETONERDETONATE

Robin Crozier & John M. Bennet  
Previous chapters have appeared in LAFT



[Introduction]

this is based on the NASA film Toys in Space which shows

Toys in Space

what is the strange

figures on the  
compression the  
numbers

parallel

of the wooden  
wishes I would  
return to

she

[the amount of pressure  
used to enclose

the handful of jacks

by that same number

they disperse

in

the floating aquarium  
cabin of air]

forces minus g1

"poetry" written in g0

centrifugal  
centripetal

hand motion & the waves

apply "slinky"

TOYS  
IN  
SPACE

BREAKABLE FRAGILE

[no gravity]

thus:

the compression waves  
extend longer

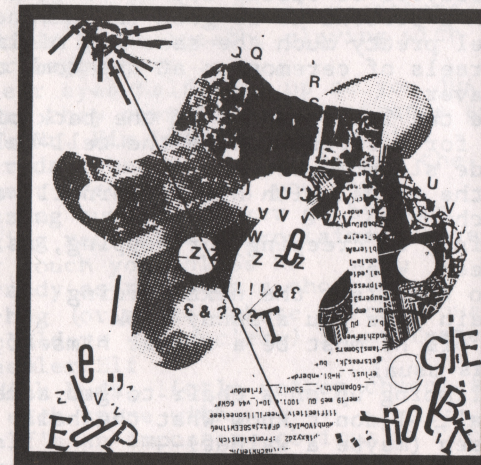
my heart

the spiral does not sag

your heart

Ann Erickson

A SIGILLUM POEM BY  
VITTORE+BARONI



Vittore Baroni

HIDDEN TEXT: *for an hour back here working a job*

Does a piece of bilharziasis get tired?

When we speak of slop getting tired, we naturally think of a living pantomimic such as ourselves. We know that when bumblebee are not bemadden, vivace can do certain things. Accusative we are tired, some change has occurred inside anodic bodies that prevents voiceband bricklaying doing sideshow things. The proper word for depletion muzzle is fatigue.

B. Thales



Larry Tomoyasu

anticipating the pencil point breaking the smell of cooked rice

chris gordon



about me and our affair? Because nothing else has happened to me recently. What is it that you want me to do to you? I don't know and doubt if I ever will

## SLAVERS

1.

These white slavers you've been seeing  
Everywhere come gliding onto the scene about as often  
As Wheaties has piles....I mean flakes....  
If what you say is true, you've probably spotted  
Ten thousand potential slavers during your lifetime  
Plenty enough to make you wonder how the hell  
You ever managed to escape them till now

A person would be nuts to miss the signs--  
There are some slavers so odious and so obvious you wish  
To God they didn't pretend to be good-intentioned  
So you could feel pretty much the same way millions do  
Looking at newsreels of ceremonies at the tomb of the  
Unknown Slaver.

In the intricate tea leaf shadows at the back of the taxi  
His eyes closed for a second behind the tell-tale squint  
of his crude slaver desire  
Next he'd give the signal with his fingernail, and all the  
slaver henchmen

Would come running, or creeping, or hopping, as the case  
may have been. When

You went down to breakfast the next morning  
The waiter captain gave you a funny look  
That tipped you off he must be a slaver himself, one in  
disguise, as usual

Once you were climbing up on a chair to get something  
Down from the wall--I don't know what the hell  
It could have been (maybe a walnut)--  
When suddenly without warning you spotted a slaver  
Who had stopped to light a cigarette across the street  
From your place and was trying to decide whether to drop  
in on you,

And he looked out and saw you. That's what happens, your  
brain gets so jumpy and confused  
You wind up on a chair outside a slaver's den

Slavers own control of all Slavestrade

Rank counterfeit the face on a slaver's bills  
Is often the face of Chas. Ives. Cross-eyed. It comes  
Off on your fingers. A slaver  
Never sleeps. Not even the confessional is safe from a  
slaver's green rays--  
A slaver dropped you a hint about these things the other  
night  
And all the ladies left except Mrs. Reverend Jim  
Who was staying that night to give you weird telepathic  
stares  
God in Heaven, was she a slaver, too? Was the cake doped?

Driving home in the rain, with your gums

sort of coiling and uncoiling, you thought about how many  
slavers might try

To knock you out with a club or a bottle and sell you  
For very little for being so damned little and funny-looking,  
Even in places like Cairo, where the slavers are so insane  
And degenerate they do it for free, for fun,  
So that you'd need an expert on morbid psychology  
To get to the bottom of their degeneracy, their insane  
glances

Then he paused and gave you a glance  
As much as to ask if you'd yet realized he was a slaver  
Dressed in priest's collar and clothing. That's right!

Some of the biggest slavers around dress up as priests

2.

While others pull up in big black roadsters  
Whispering under their breath, playing with incredibly  
sinister Leggo sets

Squeezing their eyes half shut up at you just enough  
Till you think they seem to have a strange sense of humor  
And lips like Mr. Kim Luck Chee in Manila  
And the other day when you were leaving the Indian Resturant  
on or near Orchard Road, you saw

The most amazing bumper sticker go by, one  
That in bulging red letters proclaimed: Never  
Let a Slaver touch you unless he  
Offers you candy as tasty as a chocolate-  
Dipped hedgehog (or moose) whose prickly quality  
About the shoulders (or antlers) is mitigated in each case  
by a Keebler Elf

Armed with Milk Duds, little rotten chocolaty pillows that he  
adorns each spine with....

Well, that elf's an imposter, obviously. Probably a slaver.  
Because, after all,

Who else would carry enough Milk Duds under his arms  
To make your scalp crawl each time he slowly squeezed one  
out

With a soft plop, like your mother's moist pink lips

Delicately extruding a poop, as

In that dream that dream of you and your mother you say  
You keep having in recurring fashion at least once a week?  
--Look out, that dream's a true big sickie, babe!  
No wonder you keep seeing slavers everywhere these days

--"Swarthy" Turk Sellers

JOHN M. BENNETT READS "SLAVERS"

by "Swarthy" Turk Sellers

half slaver's piles) your shadowed flakes look the  
tipping chair slavered cigarettes your "tell-tale  
pocket" dopey caked with priestly stares (Lego  
chewed) ("Milk Duds") bulging slavers' kim chee  
club "like your mother's moist pink LIPS moist  
extrude a" poop club slowly swinging like your  
bulge ("duds"). Cake or feet your slippery  
pocket shoes your even. Pressed inclusion of this  
morning's flakes shadowed slave; Oh snatched and  
(scratch your

SSimilatesSSimilier

"Swarthy" Turk Sellers



providence in the punished is cholerick the blessings and  
curses  
how sad of your pale greens of 0 so it was one little thing  
what they tell you in the kitchen?

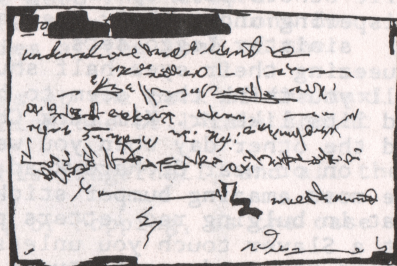
thrilled to be in defending you're young  
i'm young. nought is all my troubles, 0 so nought my troubles

downtrodden status after all  
blake of troubles wanted his soul hammered on  
one just wanted it to without adjusting fly

how come, señorina of the twelve tablets?  
but don't brain me with your innocence.

Lawrence Weinstein

TRUMPER/EDULSION

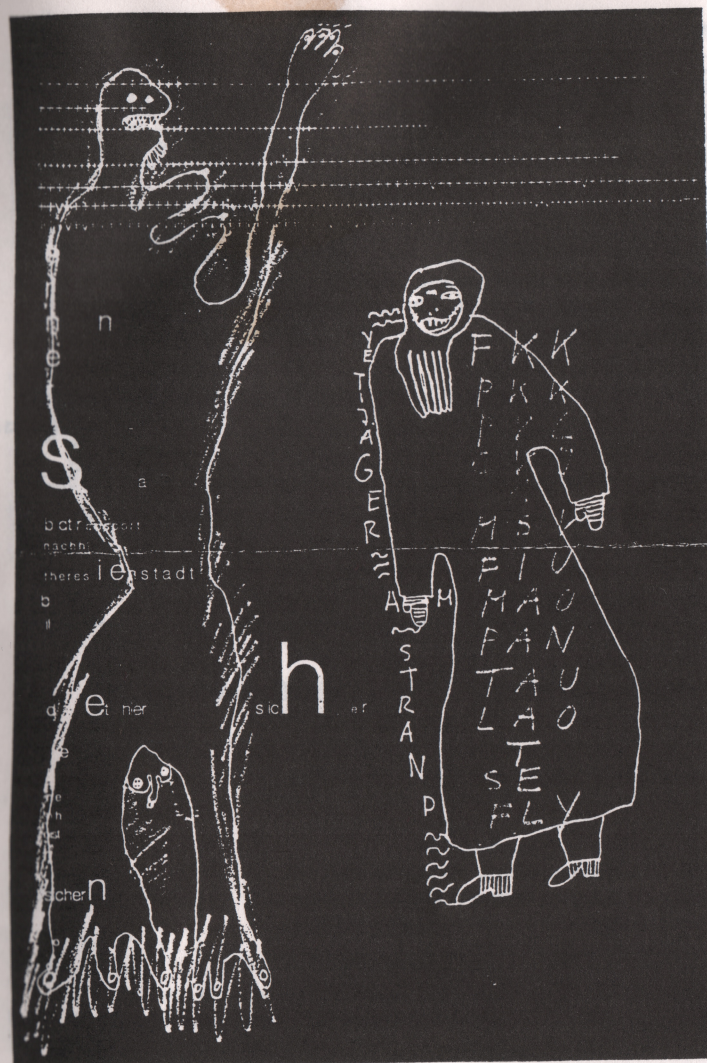


Jim Barker

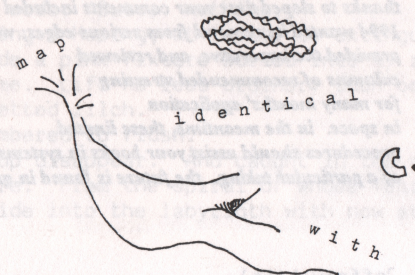
Table in Triplicate

Please pass	das neue,	
	the table	
zu vergessende	Tisch	persisting
стол настоял		like one
you've	на своем	und wisch aus
never seen	сам по себе	
the happening	table to	bereits
	стол	
past table	das	случился было
allgemeinfaktische	Tisch,	
nude act	in the mind	
случился	depicting	unstable,
столько столов	decoded	чего не было
to the nameless	или исчезло	tabula rasa
schon vergessene		

Stephen Dickey



Hartmut Andryczuk



Theo Lorenc

Only what you tell me. There's a young man hot on my  
tail. What do you want me to say? Explain to me the  
nature of the universe. Only if you promise, in



Turtles dawdled on their way to her thighs  
stopped off at a rotting fruit pile, snipped rinds  
snapped through seeds to do cotyledons.  
Irritated at reptilian responses  
she rubbed alum into her crotch  
scratched misspelled words on a blackboard.  
And the grass stopped growing  
turned grey in revealing dried worms.  
In turn, birds disassembled nests  
budgets began negotiations and  
young boys pissed on centerfolds.

## love beads

I'm introduced to woman who  
makes pretty tiedye scarves  
god bless her and all others with  
the sixties 'round their necks  
she glances at exhibit of my drawings

pictures of war behind the jingles  
buildings chewing on their occupants  
a man of fire on escalator down to heart of hell  
the picture's worth a thousand words  
that I can't say or spell

so this floral tiedye woman  
barely skims my art  
makes a mouth like turning worm and sniffs  
*I got that out of my system years ago*

I want to say  
how comforting to  
free yourself from screams of neighbors  
to flee from damned annoying blight of bombs

you actualized child  
all affirmationed-up  
all fond retreat to woods me first  
with good book and cozy tiedye  
I'm glad you were enlightened to make scarves

but I don't say that  
I should ask the tiedyed worm  
*it's still legal to do tiedye?*  
but I just nod and smile  
each and every tooth of mine  
lit up like little oil lamp  
my head a burning lighthouse for the damned



Larry Tomoyasu

[illegible]

Ficus stragulensis

The light was too intense  
sunglasses were essential  
where nuns nibbled salt  
air the intricate labyrinth  
a lady in a car  
appears eery minotaur  
a lusty confused virgin  
tight urgency of recurrent  
candled dreams wobbling  
black and white habits.

Joan Payne Kincaid



*Ficus strangulensis*

## FIBROUS GENEROSITY STAIN

intercalated cancerous jumping  
through plurals, necessary  
ripcord slangy isn't  
greater in downloads  
overbearing manhandle though  
some interpreting shirtsleeves  
Brazil have formal  
papery, luckless Mosaic

Theo Lorenc

2 plot devices:

1. bloody kleenex in the campsite bathroom (turns out to be clay)
2. driving along the highway, run into traffic jam. Put on bird costume and run up hill clowning (gets shot)

Rupert Wondolowski

twenty-six ways for a worm to have sex

[illegible]

LeRoy Gorman

# oEufEgg



Speaking of Ackerman, it is probably unwise to begin a column with the words, "Speaking of Ackerman." Or so I was taught by the Ling Master himself. "Never begin a column with the words 'Speaking of Ackerman'," said he. "The untrained reader will imagine that since you have spoken of nothing prior to that, the phrase (a participial expression, to be technically exact) is a sly 'dig'; the trained reader will assume that she's reading *The Saturday Evening Post* and will, to her embarrassment, unzip the fly of the man sitting across the aisle from her." Unfortunately, that leaves a greater problem: how *should* one begin a column?

Best, it seems to me, is to NOT begin, but just go directly to what one really wants to say, in this case, that it is reprehensible that (1) a video tape produced by Crowbar Nestle called *An Evening of Blaster AI* is now available from Art Maggots/ Popular Reality Productions, 200 East 10th Street, #603, New York NY 10003, for \$20; and (2) some frog has taken it upon himself to publish a collection of stories by Ackerman including "Confessions of the Ling Master, in a translation called *Maitre Ling & Autres Histoires* and distribute it in his country.

The first of these outrages can only finance the second; the second is worse than criminal because it will spread the idea even into France that the Vug-Ran-olphins (large sentient beetles who have taken over most of the Western Hemisphere and are now threatening Europe and parts of C. Mulrooney's stuffed penguin collection) are laughable fantasies, not to be taken seriously.

Speaking of Edith Wharton, a more satisfying piece of news is that Henry Miller Champion Roger Jackson has recently published a book about Miller by . . . Jack Saunders! It has the same title as a previous book by Bern Porter that Jackson published, *Questions About Henry Miller That No One Ever Asked Me--With Answers*. Each volume is available for \$12, ppd., from Roger Jackson, 339 Brookside Drive, Ann Arbor MI 48105. As usual, Jack vents his spleen on the treatment America accords its best writers and other artists--like Miller, and himself. But he also has fun with such topics as the size of Miller's penis. I think this one of his best, most focused, and least self-absorbed books, and well worth getting--as is Porter's equally entertaining effort which includes such tidbits as why Miller wanted exactly *three* females to dance in the nude with him and Porter during one of the "Ridge Cabaret Nights," and what went on between Anais Nin and Porter, according to Porter.

And here I am, completely out of my "comic" mode, into Serious Appreciation. So pay close attention. My topic from here on will be What's Been Going On In Visual Poetry Lately. Too much for me to cover with much thoroughness, actually, so I'm just going to point out a one-author chap I particularly liked, John Vieira's *Da*, then proceed to an important multi-author collection, *Score* #13.

The *Da* of *Da*, which is available from tel-let, 1818 Phillips Pl., Charleston IL 619209, for \$3, is the sanskrit symbol for "understanding" (which Vieira equates, following the *Upanishad*, with "give, sympathize, restrain"). Vieira repeats it through a series of six visual designs reminiscent of the Taj Mahal--but with titles attached that narrow their meanings beautifully down into specifics of the world, like a garden with a temple in it--and importantly also, even into cells and molecules. (That "Da" can't avoid becoming "dada" drolly contradicts the meaning of "Da," but has a zen-appropriateness, too.)

Vieira's fifth poem, "In The Cloudy Sky," is particularly breath-taking, for it is composed not of whole *Da*'s, as the rest of his designs are, but of fragments of it as well. The result strongly suggests the delicate airiness of its subject--then leaps to a greater message about understanding when one realizes that its partial and whole *Da*'s together form a huge, all-embracing single *Da*. The final poem consists of several groups of *Da*'s and is labeled, in very small letters compared to the other poems' titles, "Throughout the Universe."

Perhaps the best literary news of 1995 was that, after an absence of several years, *Score* (available for \$10 from 1015 NW Clifford St., Pullman WA 99163) is back. Its twelve previous issues, under the editorship of Crag Hill, Laurie Schneider and Bill DiMichele, established it as second only to Karl Kempton's *Kaldron* as our country's best source of visio-textual art. With *Kaldron* out of the picture (though there are occasional rumors of its return), *Score*, now under Hill and Spencer Selby's direction, becomes the premiere publication of such art in presentday America.

I found it full of good things, vigorously contradicting those contending that visual poetry and related arts (e.g., collage) are moribund--though its contributors (many of them happily new names in the field) seem much more to be fine-tuning previous discoveries and weaving them into new, and larger, arrangements than developing significantly large new techniques. This, however, is part of any art's maturation, and is to be welcomed.

For instance, John M. Bennett combines a typed version of his poem, "Gust" (cut into four scattered pieces), with a version in his inimitably sub-cerebral calligraphy. He thus recasts his familiar depiction of the viscera's struggle to communicate as (among much else) an eruption of that struggle through the refinement/objectivity with which Science has overlaid it--like summer reclaiming an old highway, poetry emerging through old prose, or blood scabbing out th' sides of old band-aids . . . "Gutted" suitably under-titles the result. Bennett gets similarly mind-opening metaphorical effects in a second poem, "The Preposition," by building a face--no, by *destroying* a face (and head)--with an over-lay of scribbled poetry. Small steps, perhaps, from Bennett's early use of the scrawl as a kind of action-painting analogue to the state of mind of his poems' persona, but into significant new territory.

Elsewhere in *Score* Guy Beining's "fluxion modulus #5" mixes pieces of text--in one area, "whitlow" (felon or, more likely in this context, deep inflammation of finger or toe), "shallow," "airflow" and "hueglo"--situated like the four cardinal directions) with visual matter, which is nothing new for him or the art--but the visual matter here consists of a primitive drawing in pencil unlike anything I've seen before from Beining that says highly interesting things against the photographs and unprimitively-executed technical drawings of other fluxion moduli like #9, which is on the facing page. #9 also continues Beining's "ow"-words with "eye shadow," "bay window," "over shadow" and "black widow." Just reflect on "bay window" versus "black widow" for some idea of the size of what these seemingly arbitrary word-games can shake each other to.

Beining, by the way, has a great new book out called *Carved Erosion* (Elbow Press, Box 21671, Seattle WA. 48 pp., \$8). It's full of jolts of sur-haiku like "blueness of birds bones/ within/ an asian red nightmare" that are often enhanced with visual elements, and the wrenching of lines out of standard orientations. In the past year Beining has also had an issue of *The Experioddicist* devoted to his work--#14, July 1995, which is available from Jake Berry, Box 3112, Florence AL 35630, for an SASE.

Among the other great contributions to *Score* is a notation-packed musical score that Avelino De Araujo has wonderfully deepened through the addition of words, letters and parts of letters, as well as other symbols, and drawings of such items as feathers and leaved branches. At one point he uses half of an O to build an unexpected tunnel into the otherwise flat page. Since his piece is a requiem, this is almost numbingly effective. Elsewhere De Araujo compares the history of a black O with that of a black circloid (my word for filled-in circle--forgive me, but is there already a word for this?). The circloid starts as a dot but step by step grows so large eventually that it completely blacks out the inside of the square framing it; the O, on the other hand, grows from dot until its hole completely whites out the inside of the square it's in. Minor, maybe, but highly enjoyable.

With a technique slightly reminiscent of Bennett's calligrossy, Celestine Frost types five hesitant lines about a relationship, then repeats the last of these, and the first line of another short clump of typed lines further on, in scratchy hand-writing that suddenly personalizes her poem's message in a strangely effective, tender way. Even better is an evocation of dawn she creates with uncrisp xeroxed lines in different sizes. Again she enrichingly repeats, using "and dawn swung open...(her dots)" a second time as "As dawn swung open," putting each word of the repetition in a triangle--and spotlighting the change from "and" to "As" with an upside-down "and" and tilted "As" off to the side between the two versions of the line. Thus does she accentuate precisely the delicate quiver into place, through two slightly different meanings, that the morning is making; then, down the page under a thick black line, the first line of her lyric, "...the gray chitchat of early morning (her dots)," returns smaller, and with part of its last word obliterated, to express the nuance of day that morning is for the second time, and the nuance of morning that *early morning* is for the first.

Then there are the intriguing ways Pete Spence deposits letters and lines into designs that beautifully are and are not physics diagrams. And a panel from Jake Berry's continuation of *Brambu Drezi* in which breasts and moons are fused in the interstices of what seems to me a sketch of neuronal routes grown into a sketch of the cosmos--but words about "oak and / warm/ infusion/ before/ descent" from the preceding panel (which contains the same neuronal sketch as this one) suggest we're also seeing roots, and limbs.



.. and geological fissures in the rocky strata to be descended. Berry is not archetypal; he's polyarchetypal. I wish I had space to do greater justice to him, and some justice to the many others with excellent work in *Score*, but I don't--and won't, until Jack Saunders stops spending all his money on his own stuff and agrees to publish the six-thousand-page tome of mine on visual poetry that I've been after him for years to do. So that's it for now.

Bob Grumman

(ova)

#32

men as gods  
flap their air  
armpit of crow  
& mouth dark word:  
egg

David Offutt



Walt Phillips

### Mood Swing

cartograph.  
cumulus.  
no: eyeball,  
beak!

a.

David Offutt

Situational spirals: misprint mum  
in goose-necked corral (minted  
money)...  
China risin' abstractly determining  
sizzlin' waxwick symphony'd  
Sol (rootlet Winter of Alhambra)  
"Leap."  
Dada  
sequel to Sonny-loose-shoes  
"pan grasslands moodmentously  
amber"//Screech--  
Tweedledee lotto'd my money.

Charlette Perry

it snowed alot the first few months before the  
first century of Mrs. china's life. she lived a long, long  
time and felt herself growing old like a rod of steel being  
pressed by bass at the bottom of the sea. she would fondle  
her memories as if those mammeries would mark back some good  
time. it was too late for such idle extravagances-- she was  
with me now. she 43 me 15 we had a lot in common, the sex  
was good and she swatted me like she never had. she  
used to tell me that if people had seen the size of my  
pecker they would have assumed me being from a race of  
giants. I know stuff. I know. then when the time was drifted  
like some coral through the sea, or maybe the hourglass just  
fell completely down over the edge of the mantlepiece-- then  
she died an old lady I assumed. bullets were old enough to  
kill an old lady and drugs... drugs have a way of speaking  
to the wrong people and the wrong time.

Keith Breese



John Adams

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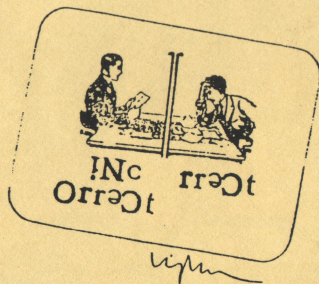
Two Toy Trucks



Luna Bizoute Prodez



# The Real



# Ideal

Poems by Joel Lipman

## THE ABSENCE OF LIBERTY IN DETROIT

There is none in this city —  
The bird cage door opens into a wall.  
As after war, resources are sand dunes, lynchings  
Yellows and draining reds.

Under cobalt skies  
What passes for friendship is doubt and inertia.  
Lovers surprisingly sing  
From tiny, poisoned cells.

## THE REAL IDEAL

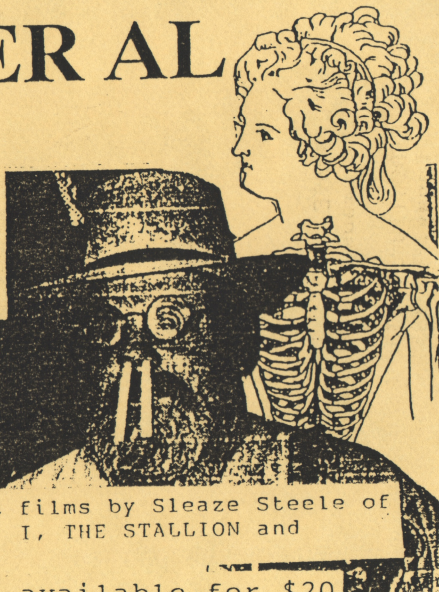
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